

scanned  
by regdul

# STANTON

Eric Stanton  
(Ernest Stanzone)  
born 1926 USA  
die 17-03-1999

## BONNIE AND CLARA

es\_bc\_(58)

ART/DESSIN

*Eric Stanton*

STORY/SCÉNARIO

*Eric Stanton*





# BONNIE *and* CLARA

WHY DIDN'T  
YOU LISTEN TO ME,  
CLYDE? I TOLD YOU  
YOUR LUCK COULDN'T  
HOLD. AT LEAST OUR LOOT  
IS SAFE WITH DOUGLAS.  
YOU TOLD ME NEVER  
TRUST LAWYERS BUT  
WHO ELSE COULD  
I TURN TO?





**BANG**  
**BANG**

**COPS!**  
NOW I KNOW I WAS  
RIGHT TO TRUST DOUG.  
THEY WON'T FIND THE  
MONEY HERE ... BUT...  
WHAT WILL THEY DO TO ME?  
OH... CLYDE, I WISH  
YOU WERE HERE...



**KNOCK!**  
**KNOCK!**

**OPEN UP!**  
DAMNIT. IT'S ME,  
CLARA. HURRY UP...  
MOVE YOUR ASS BONNIE.  
THE LAW IS HUNTING  
EVERYWHERE FOR ME!  
**MOVE IT...  
BONNIE!**

CLARA?  
THANK GOODNESS  
I'VE BEEN SO MIXED  
UP ABOUT WHAT TO DO  
EVERYTHING'LL BE ALL-  
RIGHT NOW... SHE'LL  
KNOW WHAT TO DO...  
**COMING!**





WHAT HAPPENED?  
THE RADIO SAID YOU  
WERE PINNED DOWN AT  
OUR WATERFRONT PLACE.  
THEY SAID YOU COULDN'T  
GET OUT. I THOUGHT I'D  
NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN  
WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE...  
THEY...THEY...FOLLOWED  
YOU...OH.. OH...

**N**OBODY PINS ME  
DOWN... BY THE TIME  
THEY GOT UP THE NERVE TO  
BREAK IN... I WAS GONE...  
...THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR IN  
THE CLOSET FLOOR... I'M HERE  
THAT'S ALL... COMMOTION  
DOWNSTAIRS?.. I DON'T  
KNOW... BUT I WAS  
NOT FOLLOWED...








STOW IT!  
BONNIE, WE'VE  
GOT TO LAY LOW FOR  
A WHILE. NO NEED TO  
WORRY WITH THAT  
\$ 400,000 YOUR SITTING  
ON, WE CAN AFFORD  
TO LIVE REAL WELL  
JUST BABY  
AND ME...



I... I DIDN'T  
KNOW YOU'D BE BACK..  
YESTERDAY WHEN I HEARD  
HOW BADLY THE NORTHFIELD  
BANK JOB WENT, I GAVE THE  
MONEY, ALLOF IT TO DOUGLAS.  
YOU KNOW HIM, THE LAWYER.  
HE SAID IT WOULD  
BE SAFER WITH  
HIM...

I KNOW THE  
BASTARD ALL RIGHT  
HE PULLED THAT STUNT  
ON PRETTY FACE SHULTZ..  
..THEN HE SET HIM UP FOR  
AN AMBUSH... IT WAS  
PROBABLY HIM WHO  
FINGERED US FOR  
NORTHFIELD!




A woman with blonde, wavy hair is lying on her side on a bed with white linens. She is wearing a bright yellow, short-sleeved dress and dark brown stockings with pink high-heeled shoes. She is propped up on her left arm, looking off to the side with a thoughtful or perhaps slightly distressed expression. The background is dark and indistinct.

MAYBE!... AS  
GREEDY AS YOUR  
LAWYER FRIEND IS, I  
THINK WE CAN MAKE HIM  
TAKE A FEW WRONG STEPS...  
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET  
HIM **HERE**... AWAY FROM HIS  
FRIEND... AND **WORK** ON HIM.  
I'VE A FEW PLANS FOR  
THE SON OF A  
BITCH...


OH... I'VE DONE  
IT HAVEN'T I? I'VE...  
RUINED EVERYTHING... I  
ALWAYS MAKE THE WRONG  
DECISION. IF IT WASN'T FOR ME,  
CLYDE'D PROBABLY STILL BE FREE.  
WE'LL NEVER GET THE MONEY  
BACK FROM DOUGLAS... I...  
KNOW IT... I JUST KNOW  
IT... CLARA, WILL  
WE GET THE MONEY?  
WILL DOUGLAS...  
GIVE IT BACK?



A woman with dark hair, wearing a brown hat with a white band and a light-colored trench coat over a patterned scarf, stands over a man lying on a bed. The man has blonde hair and is wearing a yellow jacket. The woman has a serious expression.

YOU DON'T  
DOUBT ME, DO YOU?  
I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN  
CARE OF YOU BEFORE!  
DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW  
HOW TO HANDLE A BUM  
LIKE DOUGLAS...  
WELL...**DO**  
YOU?

I... I KNOW  
YOU'RE CAPABLE OF  
LOTS... I **KNOW** THAT...  
BUT DOUGLAS... HE HAS  
FRIENDS ALL OVER THE  
CITY... INFLUENTIAL  
PEOPLE OWE HIM FAVORS  
HE'LL FIND SOME WAY  
TO HURT US.

The same woman from the first panel is now sitting on the bed, leaning forward. She is holding a handgun in her right hand. The man is still lying on the bed, partially visible. The background shows a window with patterned curtains and a small potted plant on a table.

NOT THE WAY I PLAN  
IT. BESIDES GETTING THE  
LOOT BACK, WE'RE GOING TO  
TAKE THAT BIG SHOT APART..  
..A PIECE AT A TIME. THEN  
I'M GOING TO SCREW HIM UP  
SO BAD AND MAKE HIM LOOK  
SO AWFUL NONE OF HIS  
FRIENDS'LL WANT TO  
HELP HIM.




YOU'RE GOING TO DO  
EXACTLY WHAT I TELL YOU  
I HELPED YOU THE LAST TIME  
AND I'LL DO IT NOW, YOU KNOW  
HOW GOOD IT CAN BE FOR US. NOW  
WHY DON'T WE JUST RELAX?...  
WE HAVE BEEN TO...  
GETHER... ALONE FOR  
A LONG TIME.



OH CLARA... I'VE  
THOUGHT ABOUT YOU  
ALL THE TIME... I WAS  
WORRIED SOMETHING...  
WOULD HAPPEN TO KEEP US  
APART. HOLD ME TIGHT  
I'M AFRAID OF...  
BEING SEPARATED  
AGAIN.





A woman with blonde hair, wearing a bright yellow dress and white heels, is sitting on a red sofa. She is leaning forward, embracing a man with dark hair who is wearing a grey jacket. The man is looking down at her. The background is a warm, brownish-orange color. A speech bubble from the man is in the top right, and another from the woman is in the bottom right.

IT WAS NEVER THIS  
GOOD WITH CLYDE, WAS IT?  
THERE'S NO MAN WHO CAN  
PLEASE YOU LIKE I ... THEY  
DON'T KNOW WHAT A WOMAN  
FEELS, WHAT SHE REALLY...  
WANTS... NEEDS... TELL ME,  
BONNIE, TELL ME HOW GOOD  
I AM. TELL ME I'M BETTER  
THAN ANY MAN. YOU KNOW  
WHAT I WANT TO HEAR  
YOU SAY.

IT'S TRUE!  
IT REALLY IS. THERE  
ISN'T ANY MAN IN THE  
WORLD WHO COULD MAKE  
ME FEEL AS GOOD AS YOU  
DO ALL THEY WANT IS FOR  
THEIR **OWN** PLEASURE,...  
BUT YOUR NOT LIKE THAT  
I LOVE EVERYTHING YOU  
DO TO ME... I LOVE  
EVERY... THING  
I LOVE... YOU!






OH... BABE IT FEELS  
SO WONDERFUL TO HAVE  
MY LIPS AGAINST YOUR  
SKIN. I WANT TO KISS  
YOU EVERYWHERE I WANT  
TO TASTE YOU AND LICK  
YOU AND FEEL OUR  
NAKED BREASTS  
RUBBING TO...  
GETHER...

I WANT IT TOO. DON'T  
WAIT TOO LONG. I'M SO  
HOT AND WET, ALL YOU'LL  
HAVE TO DO IS TOUCH ME  
AND I'LL BLOW UP, BUT I  
KNOW YOU'LL MAKE IT  
LAST. YOU KEEP ON  
EDGE FOR SO  
LONG...

I WILL,  
BONNIE, I WILL  
BUT FIRST WE HAVE  
TO SETTLE SOMETHINGS  
ABOUT DOUGLAS JUST A  
FEW THINGS. I WON'T  
TAKE ANY TIME AT  
ALL THEN WE'LL  
HAVE OUR FUN.





OW!... WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT FOR? DON'T YOU REALIZE WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TO HIM TOO.

I WON'T PUT UP WITH BEING USED. YOU JUST WANT MONEY SAME AS DOUGLAS. HE THOUGHT HE WAS A BIG MAN JUST BECAUSE I LET HIM...


YOU LET HIM WHAT? I'M AWAY FROM YOU FOR A LOUSY MONTH AND YOU TURN INTO A SLUT. HOW COULD YOU JUMP INTO THE SACK WITH A CREEP LIKE HIM? YOU LITTLE BITCH...

I...

**SLAP!**


I'M SORRY I WAS ALONE. I NEEDED SOMEONE TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO... PLEASE... (CHOKE)...





YOU ALWAYS  
USH ME BONNIE.  
YOU ALWAYS PULL  
SOME FOOL STUNT  
AND GET ME MAD.  
I OUGHT TO  
BEAT YOUR  
BLOODY ASS!

DON'T  
HURT ME. I  
DIDN'T WANT TO..  
D.. DOUGLAS.. HE  
FORCED ME!



LIKE  
HELL HE DID.  
I KNOW YOU BETTER  
THAN THAT. THINK  
OF THIS NEXT TIME  
YOU WANT TO TURN  
TRAMP!

MY HAND!  
YOU'LL BREAK  
MY FINGERS.  
STOP...HURTING...  
ME... I WON'T  
DO IT AGAIN!  
STOP...




DAMN RIGHT YOU  
WON'T AND YOU'LL DO  
EXACTLY AS I SAY!  
YOU'RE GOING TO SOFTEN  
DOUGLAS UP, AND THEN  
I'LL CRUSH HIM... AND  
REMEMBER, I...[CRACK]  
MAKE [CRACK] THE  
[CRACK] RULES!

HOW COULD  
YOU **STAND**  
DOUGLAS' WEAK  
HAND ON YOU WHEN  
YOU'VE FELT MY  
STRONG FINGERS  
DIG INTO YOUR TITS  
LIKE THIS, TELL  
ME YOU DON'T  
LIKE THIS!

DON'T!  
YOUR HURTING  
ME PLEASE...  
CLARA... CLARA!  
OHH, CLARA, YES I  
... I'D FORGOTTEN  
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO  
BE WITH SOMEONE  
WHO MAKES ME  
DO WHAT I  
SHOULD.





A woman with dark, curly hair is lying on her side on a green rug. She is wearing a dark, one-piece swimsuit and white high-heeled shoes. Her right arm is raised, holding a small object. She has a pained or distressed expression on her face. In the background, there is a red armchair with a checkered cushion and a potted plant.

THIS IS  
IT. YOU'RE  
WHERE YOU BELONG,  
BONNIE. I'M  
GOING TO KEEP YOU  
HERE UNTIL  
YOU'VE LEARNED  
TO BEHAVE.

THAT'S IT!  
THAT'S... IT!  
OHH... YES!  
USE YOUR...  
... MOUTH!...  
... YOUR NOSE...  
SUCK!.. BLOW!  
OHH.....  
DAMN YOU!

MMPH...  
YES MAKE ME  
DO IT... OHH...  
CLARA... (MUFFLE)  
I LOVE...  
BEING  
FORCED...



THE NEXT DAY IN DOUG HARDEN'S OFFICE, THE SLICK LAWYER IS IMPLEMENTING PLANS OF HIS OWN.

YOU KNOW, BONNIE, IT WAS SMART OF YOU TO PUT THE MONEY IN MY HANDS. I'LL MAKE IT WORK FOR YOU AND WE'LL BOTH ENJOY THE PROFITS, OF COURSE, IT'LL BE TIED UP FOR AWHILE. I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND...

CERTAINLY, DEAREST. AFTER ALL, YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE BRAINS. I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY. I TRUST YOU COMPLETELY. I'VE ALWAYS NEEDED SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE OF ME.

IT MAKES ME VERY HAPPY TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT. I ONLY HOPE THAT THE TRUST YOU FEEL FOR ME CAN GROW INTO SOMETHING MUCH MORE MEANINGFUL!

WHY, DOUGLAS, THIS IS ALL SO... SUDDEN... YOU MAKE ME.. OH FEEL LIKE A HELPLESS LITTLE GIRL. YOUR SO STRONG SO... COMMANDING.





THAT EVENING...  
AT THE RITZ.

YOU LOOK  
BEAUTIFUL. I'M  
TEMPTED TO LOCK  
YOU UP WHERE  
NO OTHER MAN  
CAN SEE  
YOU.


AND  
WHAT WOULD  
YOU DO TO ME  
THEN? PUT ME  
IN SOME SORT  
OF BONDAGE?

... AND  
THEN I WRAPPED  
UP THE ROWES-BURG  
CASE, I WAS MASTER-  
FUL THE JUDGE  
PERSONALLY CON-  
GRADULATED ME.  
CALLED ME  
BRILLIANT

WHY EVEN IN COLLEGE  
I WAS RECOGNIZED AS A  
GENIUS. THE OTHER FELLOWS  
PRACTICALLY BEGGED ME TO  
HELP THEM OUT. I TOLD  
THEM THAT IF THEY DIDN'T  
DO IT THEMSELVES, THEY'D  
GAIN NOTHING FROM IT.

YOU KNOW, I'LL  
BET YOU'VE NEVER  
GOTTEN YOURSELF  
INTO A SITUATION  
YOU COULDN'T CONTROL  
I CAN'T IMAGINE  
WHAT IT WOULD  
TAKE TO OVER-  
COME YOU!





YOU GROW LOVLIER  
AS EVENING PROCEEDS,  
BONNIE. I INSIST THAT YOU  
COME UP TO MY APARTMENT  
FOR A DRINK. I WON'T LET  
YOU SAY NO. BESIDES I  
STILL HAVEN'T TOLD  
YOU ABOUT MY GRADE  
SCHOOL DAYS.

I WOULDN'T WANT  
TO MISS **THAT!** I WISH  
THERE WAS SOMETHING  
I COULD DO TO ENTERTAIN  
YOU THIS MUCH. MAYBE  
I CAN THINK OF SOMETHING,  
SOME SPECIAL SURPRISE  
THAT YOU'LL LIKE AS  
MUCH AS I LIKE  
YOUR STORIES



IN HIS APARTMENT BONNIE CONTINUES TO PLAY HER PART

OH, DOUG, THESE  
DRINKS ARE GOING TO  
MY HEAD, I FEEL SO  
WARM, I FEEL LIKE  
DANCING AND SINGING.  
HOW CAN I THANK YOU  
FOR THE WONDERFUL  
TIME YOU'VE SHOWN  
ME?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
DO ANYTHING SPECIAL  
BONNIE, JUST RELAX AND  
LET YOURSELF RESPOND TO  
ME THE WAY A WOMAN IN-  
EVITABLY DOES TO A SUPERIOR  
MAN. YOU'LL DO EVERYTHING...  
EVERYTHING... TO  
PLEASE ME. ISN'T  
THAT RIGHT?

YES, DOUGLAS,  
YES, I'M SORRY I  
DIDN'T DO THOSE SPECIAL  
THINGS YOU WANTED  
ME TO DO LAST TIME.  
I'LL MAKE IT  
UP TO YOU...  
NOW!



THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER THING. I KNOW YOU WERE SPENDING A LOT OF TIME WITH THAT... THAT WOMAN, CLARA. SHE MAY TRY TO GET HER CLAWS INTO YOU AGAIN IT'S IMPORTANT THAT YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH HER.

BUT SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN MY FRIEND. SHE LOOKS OUT FOR ME. WHEN CLYDE USED TO GET MAD AND SAY I'D BEEN DUMB IT WAS HER WHO STUCK UP FOR ME. I JUST CAN'T FORGET ALL THAT.




NO! I WON'T HAVE YOU THAT WAY. WHATEVER IS MINE IS COMPLETELY MINE. THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOING TO BE WITH YOU. CLARA WILL ONLY MAKE TROUBLE. TELL ME YOU WON'T SEE HER AGAIN.



PLEASE. DON'T MAKE ME SAY THAT, DON'T... OH, DOUGLAS, YOU'RE SO FORCEFUL! YES, I... I PROMISE. I'LL NEVER SEE CLARA AGAIN! SHE NEVER CARED FOR ME THIS DEEPLY, THIS... ..FULLY!



A man with dark hair, wearing a white tank top and white shorts, is sitting on a woman who is lying on her back on a bed. The man is looking down at the woman with a serious expression. The woman's head is resting on a pillow, and her legs are spread apart. The background is dark and indistinct.

THAT'S WHAT  
I WANTED TO HEAR.  
NOW I WILL POSSESS  
YOU UTTERLY. YOU WILL  
GIVE YOURSELF TO ME  
IN EVERYWAY VERY  
SOON, ALL MEMORIES  
OF THAT ROTTEN  
BITCH, WILL  
LEAVE  
YOU.

I'VE NEVER MET  
A MAN LIKE YOU. JUST  
BEING NEAR YOU HAS  
GOTTEN ME SO EXCITED.  
I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER...  
PLEASE MY DEAR, TAKE ME!...  
..NOW! SHOW ME WHAT A  
REAL MAN CAN DO,  
MAKE ME A COMPLETE  
WOMAN.



YOU ARE  
SO LUCKY BONNIE,  
THERE ARE COUNTLESS  
WOMEN WHO WOULD BEG  
TO BE WHERE YOU ARE RIGHT  
NOW, SHARING THIS MOMENT WITH  
ME YET I SELECTED YOU. AS WE  
MAKE LOVE I WANT YOU TO  
REMEMBER HOW VERY  
FORTUNATE YOU ARE  
THAT I'VE DECIDED TO  
TAKE YOU TONIGHT.

THE WAY YOU  
LOVE YOURSELF I'M  
SURPRISED YOU EVEN  
BOTHR WITH GIRLS. WHY  
DONT YOU JUST TAKE  
YOURSELF OUT, THEN  
COME BACK AND  
TAKE A MIRROR  
TO BED.







YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO SHYSTER. BONNIE IS MY GIRL AND IT'S MY MONEY YOU TALKED HER OUT OF. THE LAST JOKER WHO TRIED SOMETHING SIMILAR, GOT A BULLET RIGHT BETWEEN HIS... LEGS.




NOW, CLARA, HE'S NO GOOD TO YOU WITH A COUPLE OF BULLETS IN HIM. I'M SURE DOUGLAS WILL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT IF YOU ONLY GIVE HIM A CHANCE..ISN'T THAT RIGHT DOUGLAS?

LIKE HELL! I DON'T DEAL WITH SLUTS THE LIKES OF YOU BONNIE AND THE MONEY ARE MINE!










I OUGHT TO TIE  
YOUR SHRIVELED THREE  
PIECE SET TO THE BED  
FRAME AND PLUCK OUT  
THAT UGLY MOUSTACHE  
ONE HAIR AT A TIME. YOU'LL  
NEVER TOUCH BONNIE OR  
MAYBE ANYOTHER GIRL  
AFTER I'VE FINISHED  
WITH YOU!

CLARA... GET A  
GRIP ON YOURSELF.  
IF WE JUST HURT HIM...  
EVEN IF IT GETS US THE  
MONEY, HE'LL GET HIS  
REVENGE IN THE END.  
REMEMBER WHAT  
THE PLAN WAS... IT'S  
THE ONLY  
WAY!




A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue and white bikini, is sitting on a wooden chair. She is holding a whip in her right hand and has her left hand on the back of a man's head. The man is lying on the floor, looking up at her. Another woman is standing in the background, wearing a black bikini and holding a gun. The scene is set in a room with a dark background.

TO BAD WE  
CAN'T SHOW HIM  
OFF IN COURT  
LIKE THIS. THE  
BEST SIDE UP,  
MR. DOUGLAS  
HARDEN.

IT'D  
BRING BACK  
PUBLIC FLOG-  
GING... OR  
CASTRATION.

OW! NOT  
SO TIGHT DAMN  
YOU BONNIE  
HOW COULD YOU  
DO THIS TO  
ME!?


A close-up of a man's face, looking angry. He has dark hair and a mustache. The background is dark and blurry.

YOU MAY THINK YOU  
CAN BEND ME TO YOUR WILL  
BUT IT WON'T HAPPEN, I  
DON'T CARE WHAT YOU TRY,  
I WON'T PART WITH THE  
\$ 400,000 ... GO AHEAD  
DO YOUR WORST!










COME ON  
LET'S HEAR YOU...  
CRY. LET BONNIE  
SEE WHAT YOU'RE  
REALLY MADE OF. I JUST  
WISH YOU COULD GET  
A LOOK AT HOW PITI-  
FULLY STUPID YOU  
LOOK RIGHT NOW...



SHUT YOUR  
UGLY MOUTH!  
... AND DON'T BE SO  
SURE ABOUT GETTING  
OUT OF HERE. I'VE  
KILLED MEN BEFORE,  
HARDEN. ONE MORE  
WON'T MEAN  
ANYTHING!

OW!  
SOONER OR LATER  
YOU'LL HAVE TO LET  
ME GO AND UHH!  
WHEN YOU DO...  
I'LL TAKE... AHH!  
STEPS TO SEE  
YOU BOTH PAY  
DEARLY FOR  
THIS...  
DAMN!

SLAP



THIS IS WHAT YOU'LL  
GET IF YOU DON'T COME  
AROUND PRETTY DAMN QUICK,  
I COULD PULL THE TRIGGER  
RIGHT NOW AND BLOW OUT  
WHAT LITTLE BRAIN YOU HAVE  
BUT THAT MIGHT SCREW UP  
OUR GETTING THE CASH. IT'LL  
GO A LOT SMOOTHER IF  
YOU JUST SIGN IT  
BACK OVER TO  
BONNIE.


THAT'S NOT  
AS EASY AS IT  
SOUNDS, THERE'S  
A LOT OF PAPERWORK  
INVOLVED I COULDN'T DO  
IT WITHOUT GOING BACK  
TO THE OFFICE AND  
HANDLING THE BOOKS  
YOU HAVE TO  
BELIEVE ME.

I THINK YOU  
CAN THINK OF A  
QUICKER WAY TO GET  
THE MONEY TO US WHAT  
YOU NEED IS SOMETHING  
TO GET YOUR MIND  
WORKING... HERE ON  
THE CENTER OF YOUR  
PERSONALITY

LISTEN THE  
SOONER YOU LET ME  
LOOSE THE SOONER YOU'LL  
GET THE MONEY IT'S AS  
SIMPLE AS THAT NOW WHY  
DON'T YOU WISE UP AND  
JUST UNTIE ME YOU'LL  
HAVE THE MONEY...  
TOMORROW...  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING TO MY..






A comic book panel featuring three characters. On the left, a woman with short dark hair and a black bikini top is shown in profile, looking towards the center. In the center, a blonde woman with a light blue bikini top is looking back at her. On the right, a man with a mustache and a white shirt is shown from the chest up, looking towards the women with a surprised expression. The background is dark and indistinct.

YOU TAKE THE  
FIRST ROUND, DARLING.  
IF HE WIGGLES TO MUCH  
I'LL PUT MY FOOT IN HIS  
FACE... AND REMEMBER, THE  
BASTARDS STILL SITTING ON OUR  
\$ 400,000 SO THROW  
HARD AND  
STRAIGHT!

WHA... WHAT ARE  
YOU TWO DOING BACK  
THERE? WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT? IF YOU WANT  
THE MONEY SOONER I MIGHT BE  
ABLE TO GET IT TODAY HOW ABOUT  
THAT? HOW ABOUT IF I GET IT FOR  
YOU TODAY? WE DON'T HAVE TO  
PLAY THESE GAMES ANYMORE  
LET ME GO TO MY OFFICE...

"DON'T WORRY  
I WASN'T SO SURE  
ABOUT THIS WHEN WE  
STARTED, BUT NOW I'M  
WITH YOU ALL THE WAY.  
I WANT TO HURT HIM  
SO BAD HE'LL BE  
AFRAID TO EVEN  
LOOK MY WAY!





WHAT AN INVITING  
TARGET, I SAY THE  
WINNER GETS TO DECIDE  
WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM NEXT.  
IF ITS ME, I CAN THINK OF  
SOMEWHERE ELSE TO STICK  
ONE OF THESE ... THAT  
WILL REALLY MAKE  
HIM COOPERATIVE.

SOUNDS GOOD.  
IF I WIN, I'M GOING  
TO TURN THAT CHAIR  
AROUND, GET CLYDE'S  
OLD BASEBALL, AND USE  
DOUGLAS' FACE FOR  
PITCHING PRACTICE  
RIGHT NOW LET'S  
CONCENTRATE ON  
BULLSEYE  
THERE.





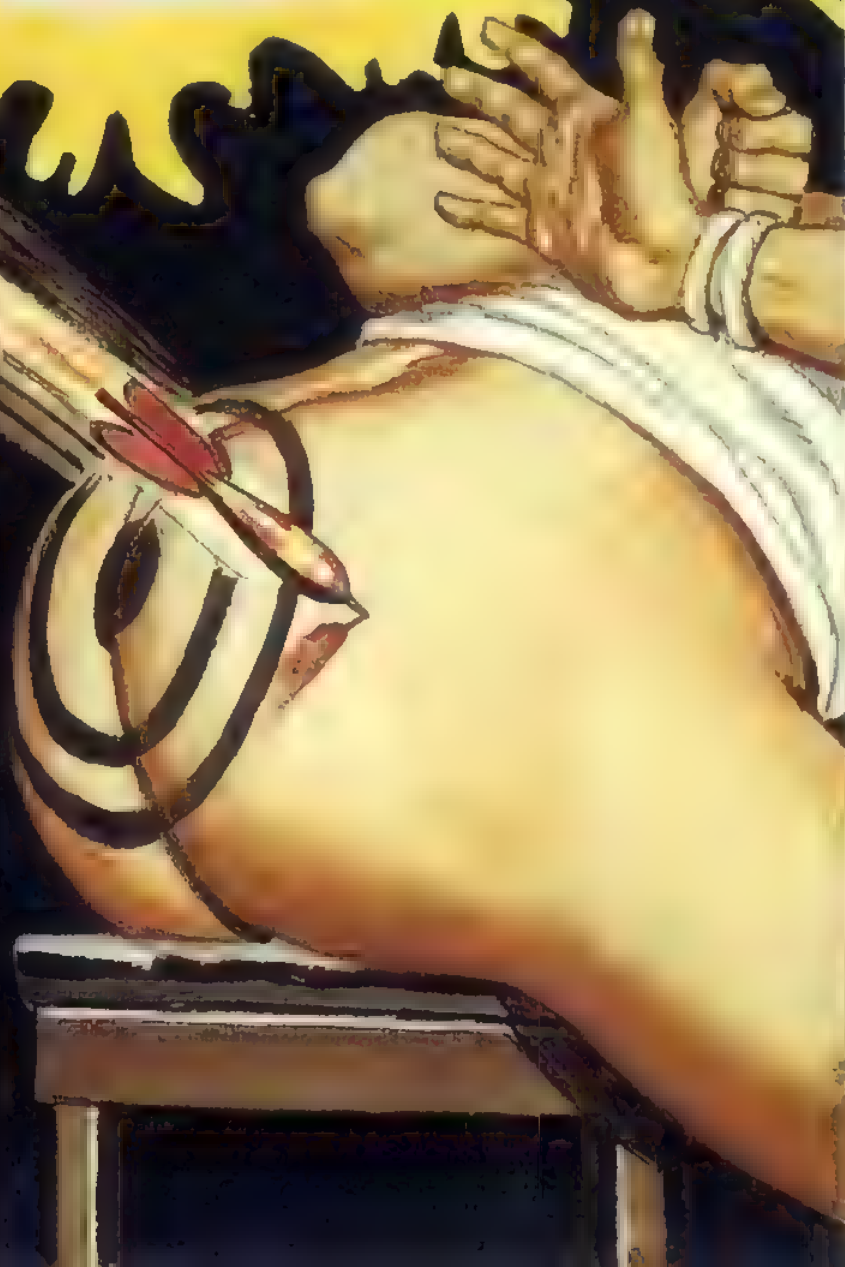
COMING  
YOUR WAY MY  
LOVE . . . LITTLE  
RED FLYING KISSES  
FOR YOU ALONE...  
MAY IT GIVE YOU AN  
EVER LOVING PAIN  
IN THE ASS.



OOWW!

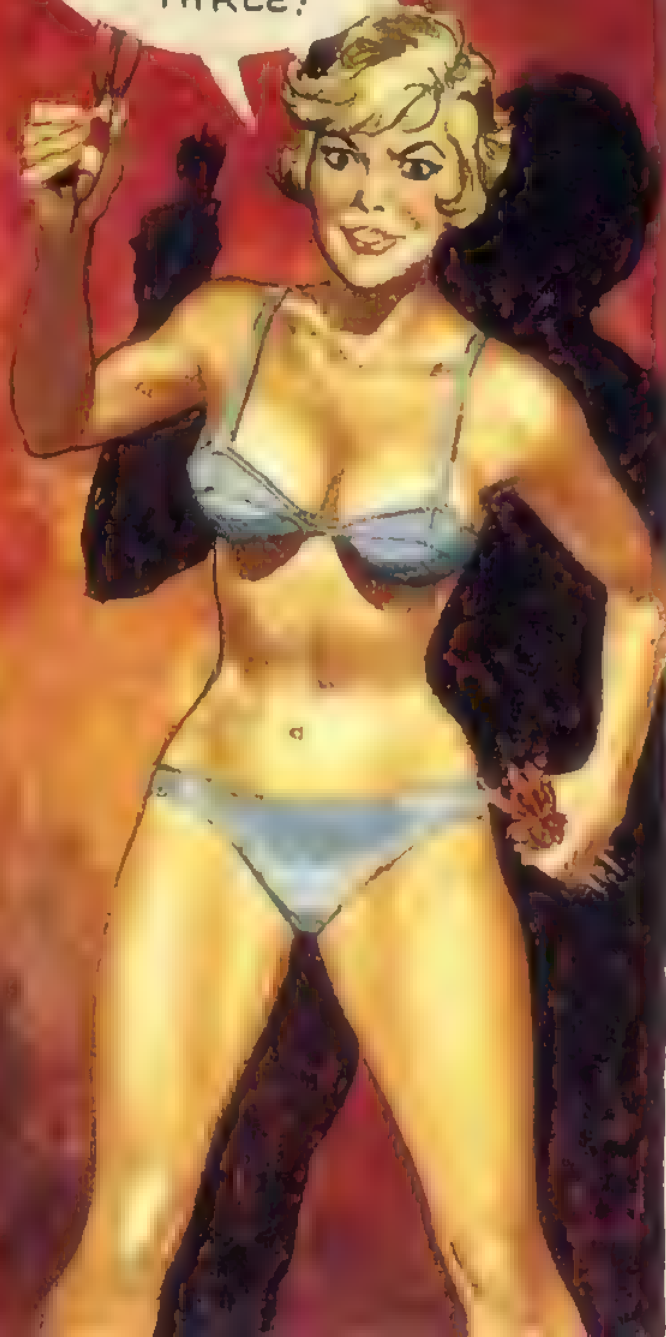
NO MORE PLEASE!  
I'LL DO EVERYTHING YOU  
ASK I DIDN'T INTEND TO KEEP  
ALL OF THE MONEY, ONLY  
MY COMMISSION, HONEST  
I SWEAR!

ANY SYMPATHY I HAD  
FOR YOU IS GONE... I CAN  
SEE NOW WHAT A WEAK DIRTY SHIT  
YOU REALLY ARE, YOU CAN KISS YOUR  
ASS GOODBYE. I WAS OFF THE  
MARK BEFORE BUT I'LL PUT A LITTLE  
MORE SPIN ON THE NEXT ONE AND  
ZIP IT TO YOU  
SPECIAL DELIVERY...





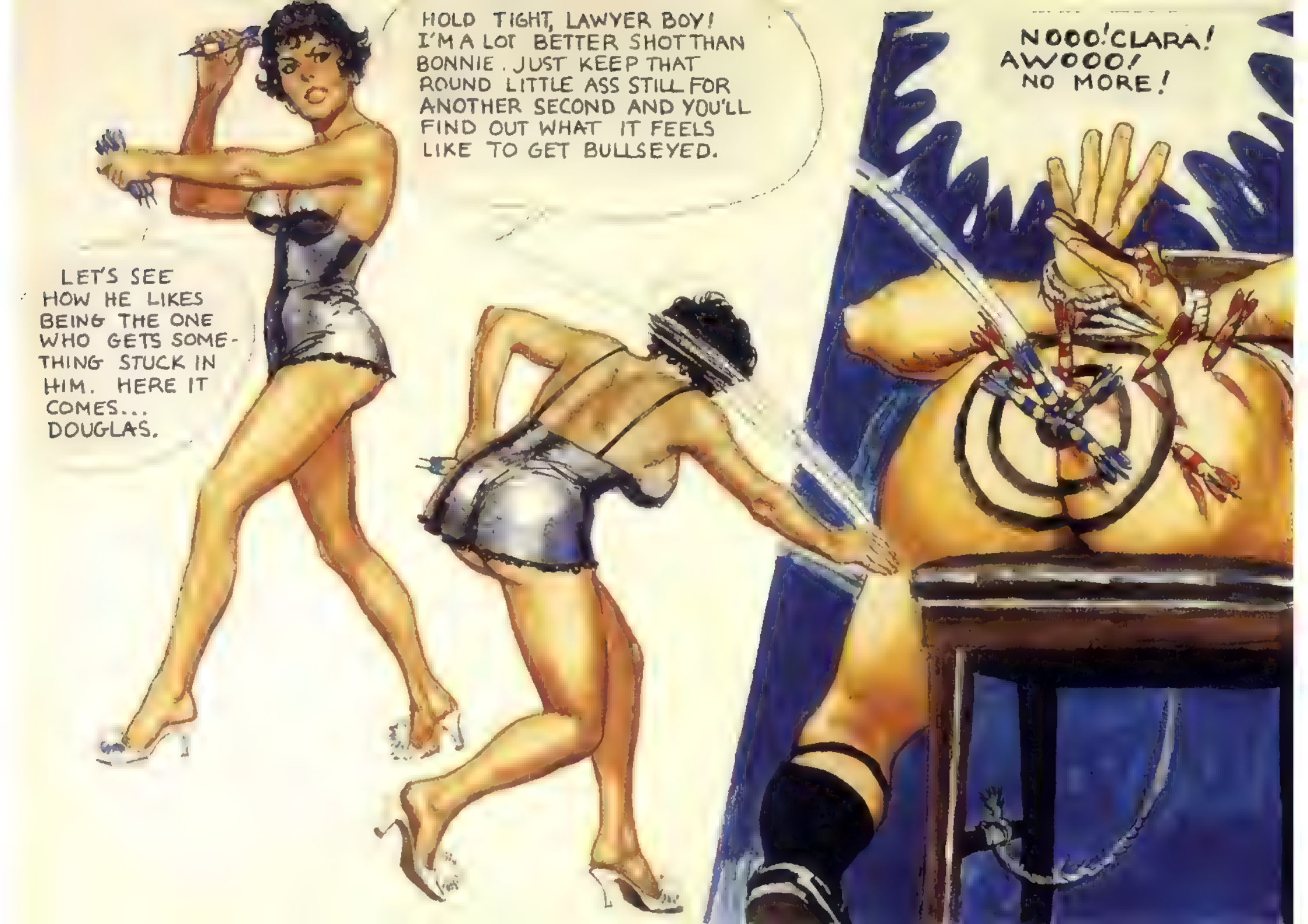
I HOPE IT HURTS  
LIKE HELL... I  
REALLY DO. BRACE  
YOURSELF, DOUGLAS  
HERE COMES  
NUMBER  
THREE!











LET'S SEE  
HOW HE LIKES  
BEING THE ONE  
WHO GETS SOME-  
THING STUCK IN  
HIM. HERE IT  
COMES...  
DOUGLAS.

HOLD TIGHT, LAWYER BOY!  
I'M A LOT BETTER SHOT THAN  
BONNIE. JUST KEEP THAT  
ROUND LITTLE ASS STILL FOR  
ANOTHER SECOND AND YOU'LL  
FIND OUT WHAT IT FEELS  
LIKE TO GET BULLSEYED.

NOOO! CLARA!  
AWOOO!  
NO MORE!



THAT WAS JUST GREAT.  
WE SHOULD TAKE HIM OUT TO  
DINNER... CAN YOU SEE HIM...  
... SITTING THERE, ON HIS POOR ASS...  
AND WHEN HE HAS TO SIT ON THE  
JOHN... OUCH! HE'S COMPLETELY  
UNDER OUR CONTROL... LET'S  
MAKE LOVE NOW SO HE CAN  
SEE WHO I REALLY CARE  
FOR!



STOP  
TALKING  
CRAZY YOU DAMNED  
BITCHES. GET ME OUT  
OF THIS. I'M LOSING  
TOO MUCH BLOOD.  
DON'T YOU TWO CARE  
ABOUT ANYTHING BUT  
YOUR LOOT AND EACH  
OTHER? YOU STILL NEED  
ME FOR THE MONEY...  
THIS THING ISN'T  
OVER YET!




DID YOU HEAR  
WHAT MOUNTAIN MAN  
SAID... WE BETTER RUN  
AWAY AND HIDE SOME-  
WHERE... I'M SHAKING  
ALL OVER AREN'T YOU,  
CLARA?

WHEN YOU REMOVE  
ALL DARTS I'LL GIVE HIM  
WHAT COMES NEXT... WHEN  
HE GOES TO COURT AGAIN,  
HE'LL STAY ON HIS FEET...  
OF COURSE IF WE DO OUR  
JOB WELL ENOUGH HE  
WON'T BE FIT TO EVER  
TRY ANOTHER  
CASE!








HEAVENS,  
DOUGLAS, YOUR  
CHEEKS REALLY DO  
BEG TO BE ABUSED!  
I CAN THINK OF A  
HUNDRED AND ONE  
WAYS I'D LOVE TO  
MISTREAT THEM. IT'S  
JUST AMAZING HOW  
MANY COLORS COME  
TO THE SURFACE WITH  
EACH SUCCEEDING  
SLAP, HOW'D YOU LIKE  
A STRAPPING... OR  
A NICE LONG  
NECKED WINE  
BOTTLE?

OOH! DAMN...  
CLARA, YOU'RE...  
MAKING ... ME SO  
HOT T-TALKING LIKE  
THAT. SEEING HIM SIT  
ON THAT BOTTLE WOULD  
SURE PAY HIM BACK  
FOR SOME OF THE  
AWFUL THINGS  
HE WANTED TO  
DO TO ME.


SON-OF-A  
BITCHIN... OW!  
OW! SO HELP ME  
IF I GET MY HANDS  
ON YOU, I'LL ... OW!  
BONNIE... PLEASE  
PLEASE!  
MAKE HER  
STOP!



A woman with dark hair, wearing a silver leotard with black heels and a black belt, is leaning over a man. The man is wearing a white tank top and black briefs, and is on the ground, looking up at her with a determined expression. The background is a simple room with a yellow wall and a small framed picture.

ALLRIGHT, HARD  
ASS, I'VE FREED YOU...  
I'M GOING TO PROVE TO  
BONNIE AND YOU THAT  
NOT ONLY AM I BETTER  
THAN YOU IN BED... BUT  
BETTER THAN YOU AT  
YOUR OWN GAME.  
... GET UP AND  
FIGHT!

I'LL BEAT  
YOUR DYKE ASS  
FOR THIS  
CUNT...

A woman with dark hair, wearing a silver leotard with black heels and a black belt, is leaning over a man. The man is wearing a white tank top and black briefs, and is on the ground, looking up at her with a determined expression. The background is a simple room with a yellow wall and a small framed picture.

I'M  
GOING TO  
START BY  
MESSING UP  
YOUR FACE.  
URGH!

THANKS FOR  
THE IDEA, STUPID!  
I DIDN'T THINK I  
COULD MAKE YOUR  
PUSS ANY UGLIER...  
BUT I'LL HAVE  
FUN TRYING.



WHAT'S THIS  
BIG SHOT? YOUR TUMMY  
IS SOFTER THAN YOUR  
ASS CHEEKS... SOME  
TOUGH GUY... CAN'T  
HOLD HIS OWN  
AGAINST A MERE  
GIRL!


ARGH!  
YOU... YOU  
CALL YOUR...  
SELF....  
A...  
OOF!



TELL ME MORE...  
I WANT TO HEAR HOW  
YOU'RE GOING TO PUT ME  
DOWN... PHYSICALLY...  
YOUR ALL MOUTH...  
DOUGLAS... DON'T HAVE  
A MUSCLE TO BACK  
UP YOUR FANTASY!







YOUR BEST WEAPON  
IS YOUR MOUTH, HARD  
ON, BUT THAT'S ABOUT  
IT. SHUT IT UP AND YOU  
HAVE NO OFFENSE. WELL  
COME ON BIG MAN, COME  
UP WITH SOMETHING...  
AND I DIDN'T MEAN  
YOUR LITTLE DINKY  
DOO!

BE... BE  
CAREFUL... YOU...  
ARE GOING TO 'OKE ME  
MAH PLIS... IH'VE BEEN  
FEELING ILL LATELY...  
YOU... 'RE OWW! THAT'S  
IT... LETS STOPFF CAN'F  
WE TALKK? WOK  
SOMTIN OUT!




YOU'VE GOT  
SOME BALLS GETTING  
... EXCITED WITH ME...  
ROVER... IF GETTING  
BEAT UP TURNS YOU ON...  
I'M ONLY TOO WILLING TO  
OBLIGE... HOW DO YOU  
WANT IT, JASPER, BLOODY  
OR JUST BRUIZES?  
*BRUIZES!*

NO...  
NOO...NO  
MORE! I GIVE...  
I'LL GIVE YOU THE  
MONEY. STOP...  
MY FACE. DON'T  
HIT MY FACE  
ANYMORE.  
PLEASE!








MMN... I. I  
WANT TO LET... LOOSE  
ON YOU! I WANT TO GO  
ALL OVER YOU... I  
WANT YOUR FACE TO  
REWARD ME FOR  
MY SWEET  
VICTORY!

LET'S GO... BIG STUFF!  
... YOUR HEAD DOWN BETWEEN  
MY LEGS OR I'LL RIP YOUR  
DAMNED EARS OFF. YOU'RE  
SO GOOD AT GETTING YOUR  
ROCKS OFF WITH GIRLS BUT  
YOU NEVER GIVE BACK. I'M  
GOING TO GIVE YOU A LESSON  
IN HOW TO PLEASE! A FIRST FOR  
YOU! DOING SOMETHING FOR  
SOMEBODY OTHER THAN YOUR-  
SELF.

OH NO...  
BONNIE TOLD HER!  
... SHE KNOWS HOW  
MUCH I HATE THAT  
... I CAN'T DO THAT  
... IT MAKES ME...  
SICK... I'LL HAVE TO  
BEG HER .. OHH!  
NOOO!!





SUCK, YOU  
FUGGING SHYSTER  
USE YOUR LIPS. USE  
YOUR TONGUE. YOU'D  
BETTER GET GOOD  
AT THIS FAST, OR IT'S  
GOING TO BE YOUR  
LIMP DICK INSTEAD  
OF CHUBBY ASS THAT  
GETS USED FOR A  
DART BOARD NEXT.  
... BE AS GOOD  
AS BONNIE.

YOU'RE  
SMOTHERING  
ME!.. PLEASE  
MY NOSE...  
DON'T MFFMH  
DAMN YOU...  
I CAN'T DO  
WHAT YOU ASK.  
SHOW SOME  
MERCY!

NOTHING  
WILL STOP HER. I  
FEEL SO HELPLESS!  
I CAN'T LET THIS  
BREAK MY WILL...  
CAN'T... BREAK  
... ME.

YOU SPINELESS  
SCHMUCK. YOU ARE  
GOOD FOR SOMETHING  
OTHER THAN RUNNING  
YOUR TOOL UP YOUR  
FIST. OHHH! THAT'S  
GOOD. KEEP IT UP! I  
COULD RIDE YOUR FACE  
ALL DAY... I'M GOING  
TO POP MY CORK...  
HARDER, HARDEN!  
OH HHH!!! YES, YES,  
YES! OH..OH..  
OH!!  
OH!



MUCH LATER...

DON'T BOTHER COVERING  
YOURSELF THERE'S NOTHING  
THERE. NOW GET ON OVER  
TO THE TABLE AND WRITE A  
CHECK FOR EVERYTHING  
YOU TOOK. THEN I  
HAVE SOME  
OTHER PAPERS  
I WANT YOU  
TO SIGN.

OTHER  
PAPERS?

NO!

JUST SIGN,  
HANDCOCK!  
UNLESS YOU WANT  
YOUR HEAD  
VENTI-  
LATED?

I  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE PLANNING.  
YOU'RE TRYING TO  
RUIN ME WELL I  
HAVE LOTS OF FRIENDS..  
IT WON'T TAKE  
ME LONG TO  
GET.. GET  
BACK!





EACH TIME  
YOU FAIL A  
CHORE... YOU  
GET THE  
LASH! MY  
SIGNATURE!

NO MORE  
BACKTALK, LOVE!  
YOU SASSY  
YOUR LAST  
ASS...

I  
SCRUBBED  
THE TOILET...  
CLEANED THE  
BATHROOM  
FLOOR. I EVEN  
HAND LAUNDERED  
YOUR UNDER-  
WEAR! YOU'RE  
ASKING TOO  
MUCH OF  
ME!

YOW!  
ENOUGH!

CLACK







ONE  
TELLS ME THIS...  
THE OTHER TELLS  
ME **THAT**... I CAN'T  
DO... NOTHING  
RIGHT  
AROUND  
HERE...

NOW YOU MADE  
ANOTHER MESS.  
CLEAN IT UP OR  
I'LL RUB YOUR  
FACE IN IT...  
... AGAIN

I'M NOT  
DOING ANY-  
THING....  
ANYMORE?





DO YOU  
THINK BECAUSE  
YOU'RE WEARING  
A SKIRT, I'LL  
TREAT YOU LIKE  
A WOMAN.

MY MANHOOD  
ISN'T COMPLETELY  
DESTROYED  
SIMPLY BECAUSE  
YOU FORCED  
ME INTO  
A  
SKIRT!

THAT'S FOR YOUR MAN-  
HOOD, DUMPLING... I'LL  
GIVE YOU A CHANGE OF  
SEX... PERMANENTLY!  
SCREW YOU!

UGH!  
OH... GOD...  
I THINK YOU  
BROKE  
SOMETHING!





YOU FOOLED ME, HARDEN. I REALLY THOUGHT WE HAD YOU WITH THE WINE BOTTLE BIT... OR WHEN WE TOOK TURNS SQUATTING ON YOUR EXPRESSIONS.. BUT I GUESS YOU NEED A PERMANENT CHANGE-OVER. ADMINISTERED BY BLADE!

WHAT IN THE HELL IS SHE BABBLING ABOUT? SHE WOULDN'T CUT ME? YES, SHE'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING. I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, GOT TO GET BACK TO MY OFFICE AND MAKE SOME PHONE CALLS. I'LL PUT A CONTRACT OUT ON BOTH OF THEM.. HA! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO.



BE STILL AND  
LISTEN TO ME.  
YOU REMEMBER  
THE DOUGH YOU  
WERE HANDLING  
FOR CHICAGO CHARLIE?  
WELL YOU SIGNED  
IT OVER  
TO US.

C..  
CH..  
CHARLIE'LL  
KILL ME... IT  
IT'S A  
HUNDRED  
GRAND!

TOO BAD!  
... AND NOW  
HE'S GOING TO  
GET AN ANONY-  
MOUS CALL TELLING  
HIM YOU... JUST  
GAMBLER  
IT AWAY.

YOU'RE A  
DEAD MAN!  
NOBODY WILL  
TOUCH YOU IF  
YOU'RE ON  
CHARLIE'S  
CHILL  
LIST!

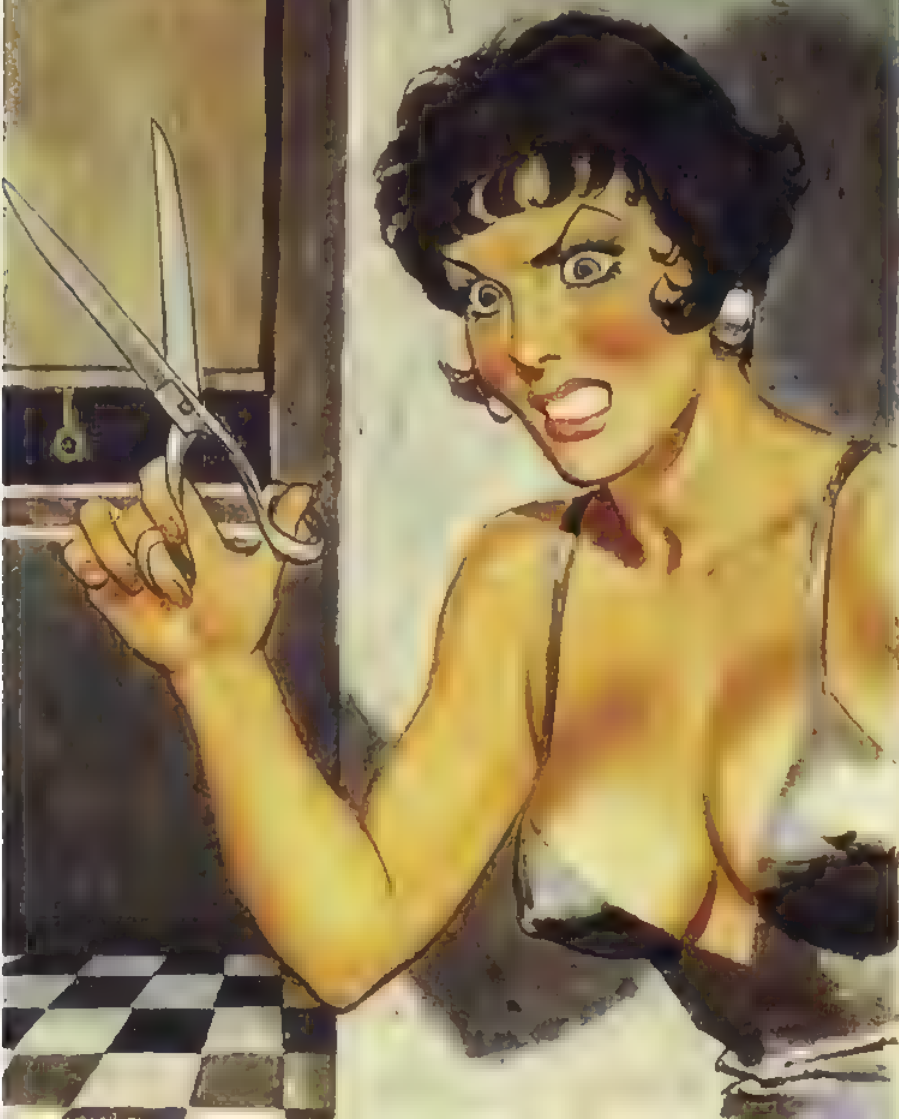
MMF...  
FUMFPH  
PUFMFF  
PUFFER.

YOU WILL HAVE  
TO DO A VANISH-  
ING ACT, HARDEN.  
... MAYBE JOIN  
THE OTHER BUMS/  
ON THE  
STREET.

UNGF  
FUNK  
FOOR..  
TOO...



I'M AN OLD FARM-  
GIRL, HARDEN. I STILL  
REMEMBER HOW THEY  
USED TO SPAY THE  
BOARS TO MAKE THEM  
FAT AND WELLBEHAVED.  
JUST A *SNIP* HERE, A  
*SNIP* THERE.. AND  
OUT THEY *POP!*  
READY?




NNN...  
OOO....  
NNN..O  
D..N'T!



WHAT'S  
THAT YOU'RE SAYING?  
NOW? **NOW?** DO IT?  
I GUESS YOU'VE FINALLY  
DECIDED TO REFORM  
YOUR GIRL CHASING WAYS,  
AFTER THIS I GUARANTEE  
YOU WON'T EVEN DREAM  
ABOUT GIRLS.

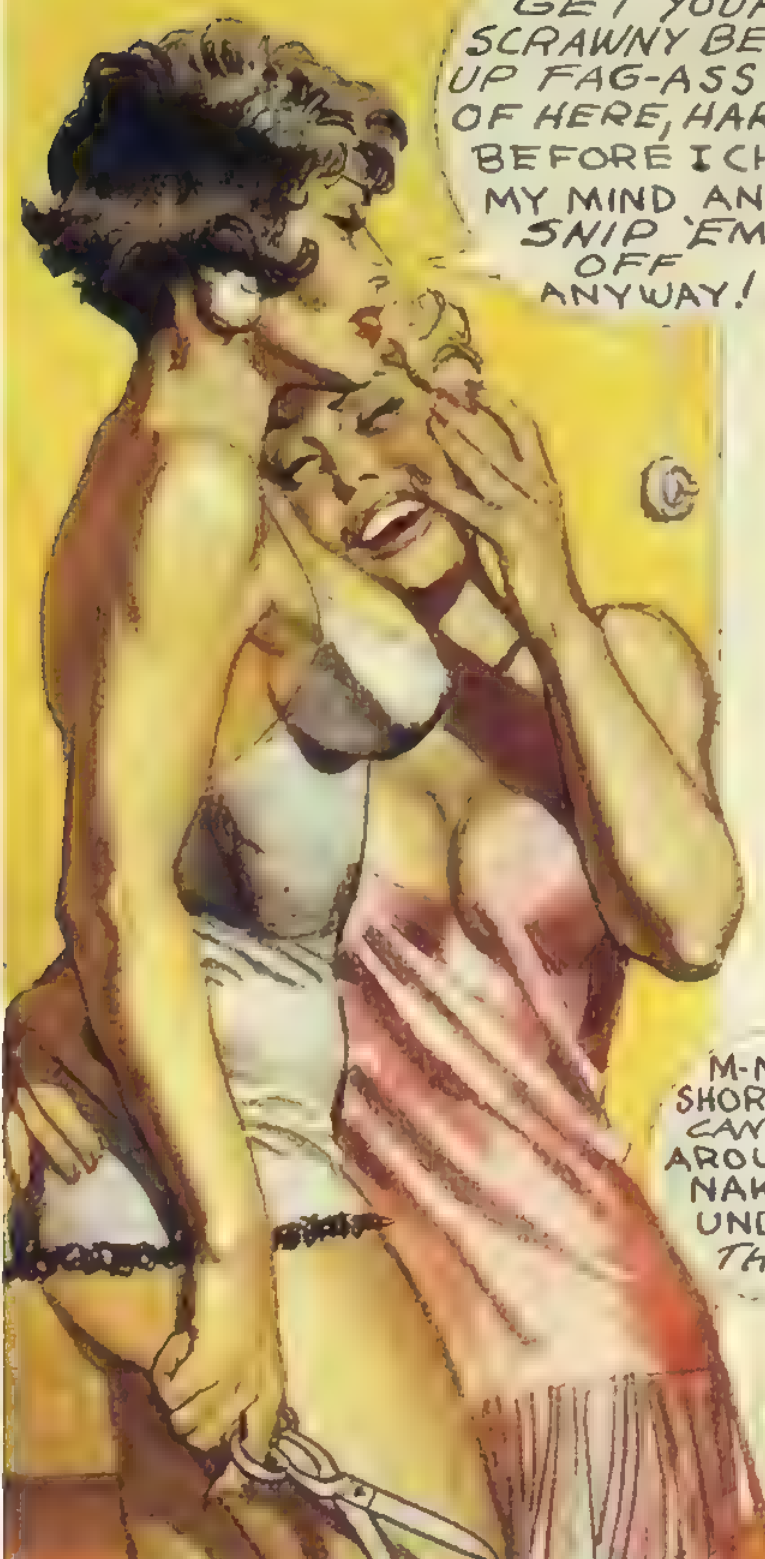




SAY GOODBYE TO  
THE FAMILY JEWELS. I  
THINK I'LL PICKLE THEM  
AND KEEP THEM AROUND  
TO REMIND ME HOW  
MUCH I ENJOYED  
THIS!


CLARA!  
WE GOT OUR  
MONEY BACK  
ALONG WITH  
EVERYTHING  
ELSE HE HAD  
HARDEN, IS  
DEAD  
BROKE!



A woman with dark, curly hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a pink towel draped over her shoulders. She is holding a pair of scissors and cutting the shorts of a man who is standing in front of her. The man is wearing a yellow robe with a fur collar and a yellow hat with a black band and a black bow. He has a worried expression on his face.

GET YOUR  
SCRAWNY BEAT-  
UP FAG-ASS OUT  
OF HERE, HARDEN,  
BEFORE I CHANGE  
MY MIND AND  
SNIP 'EM  
OFF  
ANYWAY!

M-MY  
SHORTS..I  
CANT GO  
AROUND  
NAKED  
UNDER  
THIS!

A man wearing a yellow robe with a fur collar and a yellow hat with a black band and a black bow is looking out of a window. The window has a decorative wrought-iron grille. The man has a worried expression on his face.

GOT TO GET TO  
MY APARTMENT. BUT  
CHICAGO CHARLIE'S  
BOYS WILL BE WATCH-  
ING FOR ME. MAYBE  
THE OFFICE... DAMN  
BITCHES!







?... ..?  
YOU DINNA FOOL  
ME LADDIE...YE  
JUS' BOUGHT YER-  
SELF A TICKET TO  
DA CONCRETE  
BALLROOM.

J'JAIL?  
THEY'LL  
ASK ME WHO  
I AM... I  
DON'T EVEN  
HAVE AN  
I.D.!

IN YER GO!  
YER CELLMATE  
IS SIR QUIGLEY  
RAMSGATE III. BE  
EASY ON HER  
MATE ...  
HEH! HEH!

DORIS

COP  
XXX



YOU, MY LITTLE  
THISTLEDOWN, ARE A  
VISION OF FEMININE  
PULCH-RI-TUDE. OFTEN  
I'VE TOLD THE TURN-  
KEYS THAT AN EN-  
LIGHTED REGIME  
H/C...

WOULD  
QUARTER  
A NOBLE...  
SOUL LIKE  
MYSELF  
WITH...

OH!  
SHUT UP, YOU  
HUMAN BAR  
RAG. I'M A  
RENOWNED  
LAWYER...  
NOT A...  
AHH.

I'VE HIT  
THE BOTTOM.  
WHAT ELSE COULD  
GO AGAINST ME?  
...WHERE DO I  
TURN? WHO DO I  
LOOK TO..FOR  
COMPANIONSHIP..  
LOVE...





SOME SCENES ARE  
BETTER LEFT UNSEEN...  
SO LET US MOVE AHEAD  
SEVERAL DAYS...

BONNIE!  
HEY, IT'S ME!  
DOUG HARDEN!  
I'VE GOT TO TALK TO  
YOU. OUR SCORE  
IS SETTLED...  
BONNIE?

YOU'VE  
GOT TO TELL  
CHICAGO  
CHARLIE THAT,  
THAT I.. DIDN'T  
TAKE HIS  
MONEY!


I DON'T  
KNOW YOU.  
TAKE YOUR  
FILTHY  
HAND...

YOU DO REMIND  
ME OF SOMEONE...  
A BASTARD WHO TOOK  
MY MONEY AND ALMOST  
ME! BUT HE'S BEEN  
FIXED REAL GOOD.  
HE DOESN'T KNOW IT  
YET BUT HE'S BEEN  
DISBARRED TOO...  
NOW YOU CHEEP  
RUMMY... TAKE  
A POWDER!









SASPARILLA!  
THE QUALITY OF GUESTS  
IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAS  
FALLEN DECIDEDLY. NO WONDER  
THEY NO LONGER LODGE YOUNG  
LADIES HERE. I REMEMBER  
THAT ONE POOR LASS...AND  
HER AWFUL LAWYER'S  
STORIES, OH WELL...BE A  
CHANGE BEDDING DOWN  
WITH ME OWN  
KIND.

THE END